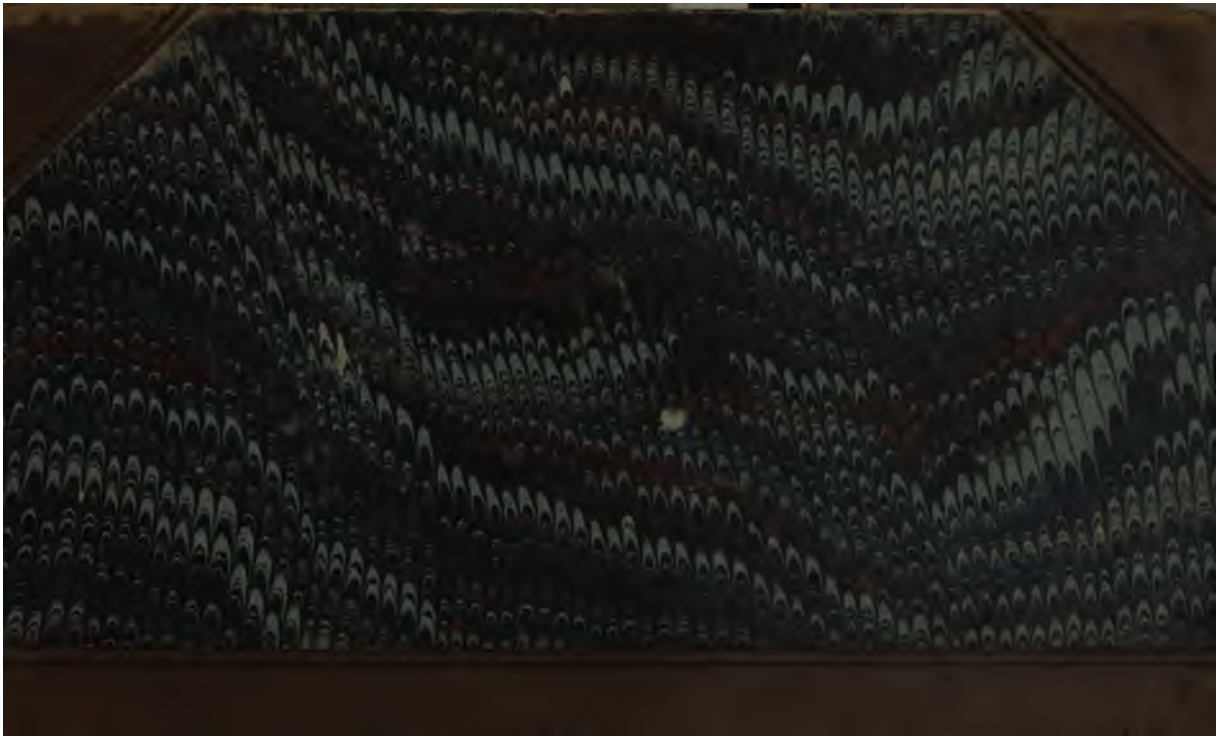

OXFORD PRIZE POEMS.

S. Collingwood, Printer, Oxford.

OXFORD PRIZE POEMS:

BEING

A COLLECTION

OF SUCH

ENGLISH POEMS

AS HAVE

AT VARIOUS TIMES OBTAINED PIRZES

IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

OXFORD:
PRINTED FOR J. PARKER;
F. AND C. RIVINGTON, AND LONGMAN, HURST,
REES, AND ORME, LONDON.
MDCCCVII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poems were written in consequence of Prizes proposed to the Undergraduates of the University, for the best Compositions on their respective Subjects: the first three were given by the Chancellor of the University; the remainder by individuals, whose names have not been made public.

CONTENTS.

THE

CONQUEST OF QUEBEC:

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVIII.

Ἐπίστασθαι γὰρ δήπου ὅτι οὔτε πλῆθός ἐστιν, οὔτε ἰσχὺς ἡ ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ τὰς νίκας ποιοῦσα· ἀλλ' ἐπότεροι ἂν σὺν τοῖς θεοῖς ταῖς ψυχαῖς ἐρρωμενέστεροι ἴωσιν ἐπὶ τοὺς πολεμίους. *Xenoph. Cyri Exped.* lib. iii.

THE

CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

FAREWELL ye Naiads who your treſſes lave
Where Iſis rolls her unpolluted wave :
Far off to regions unexplor'd I fly,
To ſavage nations and a frozen ſky ;
Where the Laurentian ſtream his copious ſtores
In whitening torrents to th' Atlantic pours ;
Where never echo his ſteep banks along
Heard the ſweet accents of a Muſe's ſong;
But ſhouts of barb'rous diſſonance reſound,
And blood of warriors bathes the reeking ground.
Long time the baſhful Muſe, content to ſtray
Where lift'ning ſwains approv'd her ſimple lay,

By art untutor'd, and unknown to fame,
Had learnt to warble only Delia's name;
Nor from her ſilent caves and grottos led
Had dar'd the crimſon fields of war to tread:
New ardors now her throbbing breaſt invade;
For themes untried ſhe quits the chequer'd ſhade;
Fierce tranſport bears her o'er th' embattled plain,
And ſofter pleaſures call her back in vain.
So, from the toils of martial ſervice freed,
Thro' flow'ry meadows roves the warrior ſteed;
Now plunges in the river's cryſtal tide,
To ſlake his thirſt, or cool his glowing ſide;
Now on ſoft herbage rolls in wanton play,
And lengthens out with eaſe th' inglorious day:
But when the trumpet's piercing clangor ſounds,
He leaps indignant o'er oppoſing mounds,
Untaſted leaves the guſting rill behind,
And flies to fame impetuous as the wind.

Where on a cliff QUEBEC's high tow'rs ariſe,
Braving with warlike ſhew the neighb'ring ſkies,
WOLFE all the various arts of combat tried,
And pour'd his thunders on its rocky ſide:
But though unſhaken ſtand the ſolid walls,
While ceaſeleſs the reſounding tempeſt falls,
Victorious hopes his dauntleſs breaſt inſpire,
Nor danger can appal, nor labour tire;
Armies from him receive the gen'rous rage,
And with new ſtrength increaſing toils engage;
Where through the ranks he turns his glowing eyes,
Again th' expiring flames of battle riſe.

Ere the ſtill evening's duſky ſhades prevail'd,
Far up the ſtream the crowded veſſels ſail'd;
There the bold Chief unfolds his mighty plan,
And martial fury ſpreads from man to man;
Till on her ſable pinions night deſcends,
And round the bands her friendly veil extends:

Then, ſwiftly borne by the retreating tide,
Unſeen and ſilent o'er the waves they glide;
And winding cautious near the hoſtile ſhore,
Its treach'rous ſhoals and op'ning creeks explore;
Till ſafely the appointed ſtrand they reach,
And ſpring tumultuous on the ſlipp'ry beach.
Where riſing hills the weſtern tow'rs incloſe,
And weak of fabric the low bulwark roſe;
Where France had truſted no advent'rous foe
Could gain the mountain lab'ring from below;
Planting his feet againſt its ſteepy ſide,
Foremoſt preſs'd Valour on with daring ſtride;
Sage Conduct, Reſolution void of fear,
And Perſeverance clos'd th' unſhaken rear.
Arduous they climb; and where the dubious way
Perplex'd with brakes and twiſting branches lay,
Through pathleſs wilds and unfrequented ſhades
Eager though ſlow advance the bold brigades;

With ceaſeleſs toil its craggy ſide aſcend,
And their thick phalanx o'er the plain extend.
Soon from th' Atlantic roſe the golden day,
Diſpell'd the gloom, and roll'd the miſts away;
To riſing winds the red-croſs banners ſtream,
And the bright arms of thronging cohorts gleam.
The ſons of Gaul, with horror in their eye,
Through ſcatter'd fogs the ſudden luſtre ſpy;
Theſe from their poſts in wild confuſion ſtart;
Theſe haſte the fatal tidings to impart;
The ſavage bands awake their deathful yell,
And the loud ſhout with hideous diſcord ſwell.
Yet, ere the legions to cloſe combat ran,
Some choſen warriors preſs'd before the van;
Where treach'rous ſhrubs protect the ſecret ſtand,
In dreadful ambuſh lurk th' infidious band;
No vulgar deaths attend their fatal aim,
But warrior chiefs, the fav'rite ſons of fame.

WOLFE in the front of danger led the way,
And with ſtern pleaſure view'd the cloſe array:
On him their eyes the latent warriors bend,
And leaden deaths in hiſſing ſhow'rs deſcend;
His manly arm receives the griſly wound,
And the red current ſtreams upon the ground:
Yet from his troops the prudent Chief conceal'd
The guſhing tide, and ſtrode along the field.
At length the battle, front to front oppos'd,
In deeds of death and furious onſet clos'd:
Now echoing peals of mortal thunder roar,
And pitchy volumes cloud the combat o'er;
Now burſting flames the waſte of war diſplay,
And for a while recall the gleam of day.
So when thick flaſhes of the northern light
With ſtreamy ſparkles gild the face of night,
Sudden the blazing coruſcations fly,
Riſe the bright hills, and meet th' aſtoniſh'd eye;

Sudden the momentary proſpects fade,
And earth lies buried in ſurrounding ſhade.
Mean time fair Vict'ry o'er the crimſon plains
Hov'ring, her ſcale in equal poiſe ſuſtains.
Soon as to Albion's ſons the goddeſs flew,
The Gauls retire, the victor troops purſue;
In black deſpair recoils the fainting band,
Sunk is each heart, and weaken'd ev'ry hand.
But while the Britiſh Chief his troops led on
To pluck thoſe laurels which their arms had won,
Some winged fate his mighty boſom tore,
And low to earth the gallant Warrior bore.
His friends with pity mark his parting breath,
And pauſe ſuſpended from the work of death.
No more the vanquiſh'd in their ſcatter'd rear
His well known voice, inſpiring terrors, hear:
Elate with joy the bleeding Chief they view,
And the long labours of the day renew.

Now their defeated hopes the Britons mourn,
And from their grasp the wreath of conquest torn;
Till through the breaking squadrons Townshend flie
Revenge and fury sparkling in his eyes;
Fierce over slaughter'd heroes tow'rs along,
Collects the war, and fires the yielding throng.

Meanwhile their Chief his sad associates laid
Beneath the covert of a neighb'ring shade;
Thence, as the sanguine torrent ebb'd away,
He strove the scene of tumult to survey;
Rous'd by the martial thunder of the field,
By fits his dim expiring eyes unseal'd;
Then, sick'ning at the piercing blaze of light,
Turn'd from the ranks of war his aching sight:
Yet, fondly anxious for his country's fame,
Long as the vital spirit feeds its flame,
Oft he requires of each attending friend
O'er the wide plain their careful view to send,

And mark if Gaul the conquering bands repell'd,
Or yet their flight the broken legions held.
"Sweet peace be thine," replied the warrior train,
"In this ſad hour, and ſoften ev'ry pain;
"For lo! thy Townſhend at his people's head
"Urges the rout, and conquers in thy ſtead,
"Reſiſtleſs bids the tide of ſlaughter flow,
"Scatters their ranks, and lays their heroes low."
To whom the Chief; "I die, ſince this is giv'n,
"Content, and aſk no other boon of heav'n."
He could no more; th' unfiniſh'd accents hung
In ſounds imperfect on his falt'ring tongue;
His mighty ſpirit fled, and mix'd with wind;
Yet virtue left a conſcious ſmile behind.

Nor longer now the bloody ſlaughter rag'd
With diſtant thunders; man with man engag'd:
Thoſe who from Caledonian hills deſcend,
Where tow'ring cliffs their rugged arms extend,

(Stern ſons of havoc, practis'd to obey
The various calls of ev'ry dreadful day;
Now in cloſe order and collected might
To wait the tumult of advancing fight;
Now fearleſs the divided lines expand,
Ravage at large, and mingle hand to hand!)
With piercing cries the hoſtile files invade,
And ſhake aloft in air the maſſy blade:
Where'er their falchions heap the ſlaughter round,
Crowds roll'd on crowds beſtrew the loaded ground;
While ruſhing to the front with equal ſpeed,
Their brave companions of the war ſucceed.

With deſp'rate anguiſh torn and glowing ſhame,
That ill ſucceſſes blaſt his ancient fame,
Moncalm, in vain exerting ev'ry art,
Performs a leader's and a warrior's part:
But now no more his keen reproach controuls
The coward terrors that unman their ſouls;

No ſenſe of glory fires the vet'ran's breaſt,
With horror chill'd, and heav'n-bred awe depreſt.
As, where his ſquadrons urg'd their courſe along,
Raging he travers'd the diſorder'd throng,
Some Britiſh falchion ſped the deathful wound,
And hew'd th' indignant chieftain to the ground;
Wedg'd in the rout the gaſping hero lay,
And with faint murmur ſigh'd his ſoul away.
To ſwifter flight the Gallic legions yield,
And trembling quit the long conteſted field;
Part haſten to the ſtream whoſe waves contain
Th' extenſive limits of the fatal plain;
Part to the bulwarks, from whoſe lofty height
Their friends deſponding view th' unequal fight.
Soon as the morrow's ſun with genial ray
To the bleak climate gave returning day,
The victor's mercy Gallia's ſons implore,
And truſt the fickle chance of war no more;

Their ample gates unfold; along the ſtrand
In ſilent ſorrow moves the vanquiſh'd band;
While, fluſh'd with triumph, and of conqueſt vain,
Pours tow'rd the captive walls the Britiſh train.

Thus from their toil the glorious heroes reſt,
And peaceful rapture ſwells in ev'ry breaſt;
Save that as oft the glowing tale they tell
Of ſuch as bravely fought, or greatly fell,
Wolfe's early fate their penſive mind employs,
And manly ſorrows check their riſing joys.

Illuſtrious ſhade! if artleſs hands like mine
Could for an hero's urn the chaplet twine,
The Muſe for thee ſhould cull each op'ning bloom,
And with unfading garlands deck thy tomb:
For oh! what youth, whoſe rev'rent feet are led
To thoſe ſad manſions of the mighty dead,
Where martial trophies in rich ſculpture ſhow
The ſacred aſhes that repoſe below,

But, kindling at the view, for glory burns,
As on thy name his ſparkling eyes he turns?
Ages to come ſhall thy great ſtory hear,
And pay the pious tribute of a tear;
Thy wond'rous deeds ſhall vet'ran ſires recite,
Thy prudence in debate, thy toils in fight;
And ev'ry warrior to the tale reply,
"Be mine like him to conquer, and to die."

MIDDLETON HOWARD,
WADHAM COLLEGE.

THE

LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY,

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXI.

Εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης. Hom.

Who fights his Country's battle,
Does in his bosom feel a golden omen
Of victory.

THE

LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

YE ſouls illuſtrious, who in days of yore
With peerleſs might the Britiſh target bore;
Who, clad in wolf-ſkin, from the ſcythed car
Frown'd on the iron brow of mailed war;
Who dar'd your rudely-painted limbs oppoſe
To Chalybéan ſteel and Roman foes:
And ye of later age, though not leſs fame,
In tilt and tournament, the princely game
Of Arthur's barons, wont, by hardieſt ſport,
To claim the faireſt guerdon of the court;
Say, holy Shades, did e'er your gen'rous blood
Roll through your faithful ſons in nobler flood,

Than late, when George bade gird on ev'ry thigh
The myrtle-braided ſword of Liberty?
Say, when the high-born Druid's magic ſtrain
Rous'd, on old Mona's top, a female train[a]
To madneſs, and with more than mortal rage
Bade them, like furies, in the fight engage;
Frantic when each unbound her briſtling hair,
And ſhook a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild deſpair
Or when, in Creſſy's plain, the ſable might
Of Edward dar'd four monarchs to the fight;
Say, holy Shades, did patriotic heat
In your big hearts with quicker tranſport beat
Than in your Sons, when forth like ſtorms they pour'd
In Freedom's cauſe, the fury of the ſword;
Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,
With Hawke who conquer'd, or with Wolfe wl
bled?

[a] Vide Ἀρμοδίου μίλος.

Poor is his triumph, and diſgrac'd his name,
Who draws the ſword for empire, wealth, or fame:
For him though wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
Though Fame announce him mightieſt of mankind,
Though twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue diſowns him, and his glories fade:
For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans ſung,
No bleſſings chaunted from a nation's tongue:
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;
The curſe of widows, and the orphan's tear,
Cry to high Heav'n for vengeance on his crimes:
The pious Muſe, who, to ſucceeding times,
Unknowing flattery, and unknown to kings,
Fair Virtue only and her votaries ſings,
Shall ſhew the *Monſter* in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake, or a ſtorm.

Not ſo the patriot Chief, who dar'd withſtand
The baſe invader of his native land;

Who made her weal his nobleſt, only end;
Rul'd, but to ſerve her; fought, but to defend;
"Her voice in council, and in war her ſword;
"Lov'd as her father, as her God ador'd;"
Who, firmly virtuous, and ſeverely brave,
Sunk with the freedom that he could not ſave!
On worth like his the Muſe delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph or defeat;
Crowns with true glory, and with ſpotleſs fame,
And honours PAOLI's more than Cæſar's name.

Here let the Muſe withdraw the blood-ſtain'd veil,
And ſhew the boldeſt ſon of public zeal:
Lo! SYDNEY, pleading o'er the block! his mien,
His voice, his hand, unſhaken, clear, ſerene:
Yet no harangue, proudly declaim'd aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward crowd;
No ſpecious vaunt death's terrors to defy,
Still death delaying, as afraid to die;

But ſternly ſilent down he bow'd, and prov'd
A calm, firm martyr to the cauſe he lov'd.
Unconquer'd patriot! form'd by ancient lore
The love of ancient freedom to reſtore;
Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And ſeal'd, by death, the leſſon that he taught.

Dear is the tye, that links the anxious ſire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire;
Dear is the love, that prompts the grateful youth
His ſire's fond cares and drooping age to ſooth:
Dear is the brother, ſiſter, huſband, wife;
Dear all the charities of ſocial life:
Nor wants firm friendſhip holy wreaths to bind
In mutual ſympathy the faithful mind:
But not th' endearing ſprings that fondly move
To filial duty, or parental love;
Not all the ties that kindred boſoms bind,
Nor all in friendſhip's holy wreaths entwin'd,

Are half ſo dear, ſo potent to controul
The gen'rous workings of the patriot ſoul,
As is that holy voice, that cancels all
Theſe ties, that bids him for his country fall.
Nor yet doth Glory, though her port be bold,
Her aſpect radiant, and her treſſes gold,
Guide through the walks of death alone her car,
Attendant only on the din of war;
She ne'er diſdains the gentle vale of Peace,
Or olive ſhades of philoſophic eaſe,
Where heav'n-taught minds to woo the Muſe reſor
Create in colours, or in ſounds tranſport;
Where youths court ſcience, or where ſages teach;
Where ſtateſmen plan, where mitred fathers preach
More pleas'd on Iſis' ſilent marge to roam,
Than bear in pomp the ſpoil of battles home.
To read, with Newton's ken, the ſtarry ſky,
And God the ſame in all his orbs deſcry;

To lead forth Merit from her humble ſhade,
Extend to riſing Arts a patron's aid;
Build the nice ſtructure of the gen'rous Law,
That holds the freeborn ſoul in willing awe;
To ſwell the ſail of Trade, the barren plain
To bid with fruitage bluſh, and wave with grain;
O'er pale Misfortune drop, with anxious ſigh,
Pity's mild balm, and wipe Affliction's eye;
Theſe, theſe are deeds Britannia muſt approve,
Muſt nurſe their growth with all a parent's love;
Theſe are the deeds that public Virtue owns,
And, juſt to public virtue, Glory crowns.

CHRISTOPHER BUTSON,
NEW COLLEGE.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

OF

INOCULATION,

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII.

——quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam Morbi deponere partem.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

OF

INOCULATION.

LONG had bewail'd Arabia's hapleſs ſwains
Their groves deſerted, and uncultur'd plains:
Thoſe happy plains where Nature ever gay
Proclaim'd the preſence of perpetual May;
Where, in her choiceſt treaſures bright array'd,
Luxuriant Nature ev'ry charm diſplay'd,
With giant ſtrides a ghaſtly Plague[a] o'erſpread,
And breath'd deſtruction on each fated head;
His motley front uprear'd the deadly Peſt,

[a] Small Pox.

And ſhook with ſavage pride his purpled creſt:
The ſcorching ſands of Afric gave him birth,
Thence ſprang the Fiend, and ſcourg'd th' afflicted
earth:
Fiend fierce as this ne'er ſaw aſtoniſh'd time
Creep from old Nilus' monſter-teeming ſlime;
Each vale now felt the deadly tyrant's force,
Nor tears nor vows could ſtop his deſtin'd courſe:
In vain was ſung the mighty Prophet's name,
To Mecca's hallow'd walls the Monſter came;
E'en in the ſacred temple's inmoſt cell,
Check'd in mid pray'r, the pious pilgrim fell;
Nor could Medina's fabled tomb withſtand
The baleful vengeance of his death-fraught hand.
Thoſe balmy gales that whilom could diſpenſe
A thouſand odours to the raviſh'd ſenſe,
With fragrant coolneſs pleaſing now no more,
Spread through the tainted ſky their deadly ſtore:

With anxious fear the fainting mother preſs'd
The ſmiling infant to her venom'd breaſt;
The ſmiling babe, unconſcious of his fate,
Imbib'd with greedy joy the baneful treat:
Oft as the ſwain beneath the citron ſhade
Pour'd his ſoft paſſion to the liſt'ning maid,
Infection's poiſon hung on ev'ry breath,
And each perſuaſive ſigh was charg'd with death.
Blind Superſtition with the Fiend conſpir'd,
Increas'd his conqueſts, and his fury fir'd;
"My ſons," ſhe cried, "with patient boldneſs wait
"The fix'd predeſtin'd laws of rigid fate;
"Nor Heav'n's juſt vengeance to oppoſe preſume,
"But each with ſilent rev'rence meet his doom."
Thus, drunk with conqueſt, larger ſtill he grew,
And gather'd tenfold fury as he flew:
Arm'd with the ſhafts of fate, in ireful mood
He paſs'd Euphrates' far-reſounding flood;

From Schiraz' walls to ſnow-clad Taurus' height
Deſponding Perſia groan'd beneath his weight;
In vain to Heav'n her ſacred flames aſcend;
On with reſiſtleſs fury ruſh'd the Fiend;
In vain was Mithraz call'd his wrath to 'ſuage;
The blazing God increas'd the Monſter's rage.
As when his empire ſultry Cancer gains
The ſcorching whirlwinds ſcour along the plains;
The ſtately tamariſk and graceful pine
Shrink from the blaſt, and all their charms reſign;
The bright anana's gaudy bloom is fled,
The ſick'ning orange bows her languid head;
So ſpread deſtruction at the Tyrant's nod,
And beauty's bloſſom wither'd where he trod:
The God of Love in ſilent anguiſh broke
His blunted arrows and his uſeleſs yoke;
Aſide for grief he flung his looſen'd bow,
And trembling fled before th' impetuous foe.

Cloy'd with the luſcious banquets of the Eaſt,
In Europe's climes he ſought a nobler feaſt;
Here as he reſted on the ſea-girt ſhore,
To plan freſh conqueſts and new coaſts explore,
From ocean's waves he ſaw Britannia riſe;
Her beauteous luſtre ſtruck his raviſh'd eyes:
Pleas'd with a ſmile he view'd thoſe heav'nly ſpoils,
The laſt, beſt guerdon of his ſavage toils.—
He came—and rapine mark'd the Monſter's way,
Sad was the ſcene, for beauty was the prey.

Remorſeleſs Tyrant! ſee that alter'd face,
Which beam'd erewhile with each celeſtial grace,
With gloomy frowns and furrow'd ſeams o'erſpread,
And ev'ry ſmile and ev'ry charm is fled!
Thoſe beauteous eyes, whoſe ſoul-diſſolving fires
Rais'd in th' enraptur'd ſwain love's ſoft deſires,
Now he beholds obſcur'd in putrid night,
And turns with deep-felt horror from the ſight.

From bleak Plinlimmon's ſtar-encircled brow
With grief Britannia view'd her country's woe;
Her ſea-green robes ſhe tore and faded crown,
And caſt in rage her oaken ſceptre down;
" Are theſe the bleſt and envied plains," ſhe cried,
" Where Mirth and Pleaſure ever young preſide?
" Huſh'd are thoſe ſounds that warbled through the
" grove
" The artleſs ſtrains of Liberty and Love,
" Now chang'd to frantic notes of wild deſpair,
" Which fill with piercing ſhrieks th' affrighted air!
" Ah! luckleſs iſle! to whom too-bounteous Heav'n
" Its ſweeteſt ſtores and choiceſt boon has giv'n,
" Which, like the bluſhing vi'let's rich perfume,
" But tempt ſome ruffian hand to ſpoil their bloom."
Thus in ſoft ſtrains complain'd the ſorrowing queen,
And view'd with tear-ſwoln eyes the mournful ſcene;
When, pierc'd with grief at ſad Britannia's woes,

Her country's guardian Montague[b] arose:
Pure patriot zeal her ev'ry thought inspir'd,
Glow'd on her cheek, and all her bosom fir'd.
She saw the Tyrant rage without controul,
While just revenge inflam'd her gen'rous soul;
Full well she knew, when beauty's charms decay'd,
Britannia's drooping laurels soon would fade:
Pierc'd with deep anguish at th' afflictive thought,
And whelm'd with shame, a heav'n-taught nymph[c] she sought,
Whose potent arm, with wondrous power endu'd,
Had oft on Turkey's plains the Fiend subdu'd.
Obedient to her pray'r the willing Maid
In pity came to sad Britannia's aid:
"Weep not," she cried, "'tis mine with soothing balm
"The Fiend to soften, and his fury calm;

[b] Lady M. Wortley Montague. [c] Inoculation.

" See! where I fly the dreaded foe to meet,
" And lay the vanquiſh'd Tyrant at my feet:
" Soon ſhall his wings the bird of peace expand,
" And joys long loſt ſhall bleſs the ſmiling land;
" Again ſhall Health and Mirth united rove,
" Again ſhall Beauty light the torch of Love."

She ſpake, and quickly through the yielding air
Swift as a meteor ſhot the lovely Fair;
Through the ſad plains her friendly courſe ſhe ſped
Then fraught with mighty pow'r her arm outſpread
And thrice ſhe wav'd it o'er the Monſter's head:
He felt its force; and, ſtruck with ſudden fear,
Feeble he halted in his fierce career,
With haggard eye the virgin form ſurvey'd,
And in mid air his lifted ſabre ſtay'd;
Weak and more weak the conſcious Demon grew
His tow'ring bulk contracted to the view.—
Thus as of old in Merlin's magic reign,

When mighty Paynims ravag'd ev'ry plain,
Haply ſubdu'd by ſome ſuperior charm,
The pond'rous club forſook their weaken'd arm;
Through their chill'd veins a ſhiv'ring horror ran,
And the ſtern giant ſhrunk into the man.
" Henceforth, fall'n Tyrant!" cries the Nymph;
" no more
" Hope that juſt Heav'n will thy loſt pow'r reſtore;
" Let now no more thy touch profane defile
" The ſacred beauties of Britannia's iſle:
" By me protected ſhall they now deride
" Thy baffled fury and thy vanquiſh'd pride;
" Sacred to me, near Thames's level mead,
" A beauteous Temple[d] rears its rev'rend head;
" There meek Benevolence before the gate,
" And ſoft-ey'd Pity, lovely ſiſters, wait;
" With open arms the ſacred virgins ſtand,

[d] Small Pox Hoſpital.

" To ſhield the victim from thy ruthleſs hand.
" Fly then, curs'd Exile! to ſome deſert coaſt,
" There wail thine honours, and thine empire loſt
" For now, ſecur'd by ev'ry power divine,
" Britannia miſtreſs of the world ſhall ſhine,
" With joy and victory for ever crown'd,
" Alike for beauty, as for arms renown'd."

WILLIAM LIPSCOMB,
CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

THE

ABORIGINAL BRITONS,

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCXCI.

— Genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis
Durius. LUCRET.

—— Quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit. HOR.

SUBJECT.

On the State of the Aboriginal Britons previous to the Refinements introduced by the Romans.

THE ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS to the firſt Navigators of the South Seas.—Wild ſtate of the country—contraſted with Italy as improved by culture.—Aboriginal Britons conſidered as individuals—the Man—the Woman—conſidered as to their national character—Their domeſtic ſtate—promiſcuous concubinage—ignorance of other countries—Deſcription of a day in time of peace, including the moſt ſtriking circumſtances of their domeſtic œconomy—Their wars—fondneſs for war—internal diſſenſions and their conſequences—manner of fighting—behaviour after a defeat—treatment of captives after a victory.—Religion—the objects which give riſe to natural religion.—Druid Grove—Magic rites, and human ſacrifices—Bards—Doctrines—Tranſmigration and immortality of the ſoul, and its effects—Characteriſtics of liberty in the ſavage ſtate of this iſland—its extinction in the early ſtages of our monarchy—its revival and influence in the preſent civilized ſtate of manners, as producing public ſecurity, giving riſe to public works, and calling forth the powers of the mind.

THE

ABORIGINAL BRITONS.

YE ſons of Albion, who with venturous ſails
In unknown oceans caught Antarctic gales;
Dar'd with bold prow the boiſterous main explore,
Where never keel had plow'd the wave before;
Saw ſtars unnam'd illumine other ſkies,
Which ne'er had ſhone on European eyes;
View'd on the coaſt the wondering ſavage ſtand,
Uncouth, and freſh from his Creator's hand;
While woods and tangling brakes, where wild he ran,
Bore a rough ſemblance of primeval man:—
A form like this, illuſtrious ſouls, of yore
Your own Britannia's ſea-girt iſland wore:

Ere Daniſh lances bluſh'd with Ælla's blood;
Or blue-ey'd Saxons ſail'd on Medway's flood;
Or Dover's towering cliff from high deſcried
Cæſar's bold barks, which ſtemm'd a deep untried.
Through fleecy clouds the balmy ſpring-tide ſmil'd;
But all its ſweets were waſted on a wild;
In vain mild Autumn ſhone with mellowing gleam;
No bending fruitage bluſh'd beneath its beam.
Rudely o'erſpread with ſhadowy foreſts lay
Wide trackleſs waſtes, that never ſaw the day:
Rich fruitful plains, now waving deep with corn,
Frown'd rough and ſhaggy with the tangled thorn:
Through joyleſs heaths, and valleys dark with woods,
Majeſtic rivers roll'd their uſeleſs floods:
Full oft the hunter check'd his ardent chace,
Dreading the latent bog and green moraſs:
While, like a blaſting mildew, wide were ſpread
Blue thickening miſts in ſtagnant marſhes bred.

O'er ſcenes thus wild adventurous Cæſar ſtray'd,
And joyleſs view'd the conqueſts he had made;
And bleſs'd Italia's happier plains and ſkies,
Through pureſt air where yellow olives riſe;
From elm to elm where ſtretching tendrils twine,
Bending with cluſters of the purple vine:
While, ſpread o'er ſunny hill and verdant wood,
Stray the white flocks, which drink Clitumnus' flood.

Rude as the wilds around his ſylvan home
In ſavage grandeur ſee the Briton roam.
Bare were his limbs, and ſtrung with toil and cold,
By untam'd nature caſt in giant-mould.
O'er his broad brawny ſhoulders looſely flung
Shaggy and long his yellow ringlets hung.
His waiſt an iron-belted falchion bore,
Maſſy, and purpled deep with human gore:
His ſcarr'd and rudely-painted limbs around
Fantaſtic horror-ſtriking figures frown'd,

Which, monſter-like, ev'n to the confines ran
Of nature's work, and left him hardly man.
His knitted brows and rolling eyes impart
A direful image of his ruthleſs heart;
Where war and human bloodſhed brooding lie,
Like thunders lowering in a gloomy ſky.

But you, illuſtrious Fair Ones [a], wont to brave
Helvellin's ſtorms, and ſport in Darwent's wave,
To your high worth ſubmiſs the ſavage ſtood,
As Gambia's lions reverence princely blood.
He made no rubied lip nor ſparkling eye
The ſhrine and god of his idolatry;

[a] Ineſſe enim ſanctum quid et providum fœminis putant. Tac. de moribus Germ. Ἅπαντες γὰρ τῆς δεισιδαιμονίας ἀρχηγὸς οἴονται τὰς γυναῖκας. Strabo lib. vii. What is ſaid of the ancient German women is applied by Mr. Maſon, and our early hiſtorians, to our countrywomen of earlier ages. The important offices, which they filled in the government, ſo unuſual in the ſavage ſtate, fully juſtify this application.

But, proudly bending to a juſt controul,
Bow'd in obeiſance to the female ſoul;
And deem'd, ſome effluence of th' Omniſcient mind
In woman's beauteous image lay enſhrin'd;
With inſpiration on her boſom hung,
And flow'd in heav'nly wiſdom from her tongue.
Fam'd among warrior-chiefs the crown ſhe wore;
At freedom's call the gory falchion bore;
Rul'd the triumphant car; and rank'd in fame
Bonduca's with Caractacus's name.

No tender virgin heard th' impaſſion'd youth
Breathe his warm vows, and ſwear eternal truth:
No ſire, encircled by a blooming race,
View'd his own features in his infant's face:
The ſavage knew not wedlock's chaſter rite[b];

[b] Uxores habent deni duodenique inter ſe communes.

Si qui ſunt ex his nati, eorum *habentur* liberi, a quibus primum virgines quæque ductæ ſunt. Cæſar de Bello Gallico.

The torch of Hymen pour'd a common light;
As paſſion fir'd, the lawleſs pair were bleſs'd;
And babes unfather'd hung upon the breaſt.

Such was the race, who drank the light of day,
When loſt in weſtern waves Britannia lay.
Content they wander'd o'er their heaths and moors,
Nor thought that ocean roll'd round other ſhores.
Viewing the fires, that blaz'd around their ſkies,
Mid the wide world of waters ſet and riſe,
They vainly deem'd the twinkling orbs of light
For them alone illum'd the vault of night;
For them alone the golden lamp of day
Held its bright progreſs through the heav'n's high way.

When the chill breeze of morning overhead
Wav'd the dark boughs, that roof'd his ſylvan bed,
Up the light Briton ſprung—to chaſe the deer
Through Humber's vales, or heathy Cheviot drear.

Languid at noon his fainting limbs he caſt,
On the warm bank, and ſought his coarſe repaſt.
With acorns, ſhaken from the neighbouring oak,
Or ſapleſs bark [c], that from the trunk he broke,
His meal he made; and in the cavern'd dell
Drank the hoarſe wave, that down the rough rocks fell.
At eve, retracing ſlow his morning road,
With wearied feet he gain'd his wild abode.
No city roſe with ſpires and turrets crown'd;
No iron war from rocky ramparts frown'd:
But plain and ſimple, in the ſhadowy wood,
The ſhapeleſs, rude-conſtructed hamlets ſtood:
O'er the deep trench an earthy mound aroſe,
To guard the ſylvan town from beaſts and foes.
The crackling fire, beneath the hawthorn ſhade,

[c] Dio Nicæus ſays, that the Britons in the woods would live upon roots or bark of trees.

With cheerful blaze illum'd the darkſome glade.
Ofttimes beneath the ſheltering oak was ſpread
With leaves and ſpoils of beaſts the ruſtic bed:
In open ſky he reſts his head, and ſees
The ſtars, that twinkle through the waving trees.
On his bare breaſt the chilling dews deſcend;
His yellow locks the midnight tempeſts rend;
Around, the empty wolf in hunger prowls,
And ſhakes the lonely foreſt with his howls;
Yet health and toil weigh down the ſenſe, and ſleep
His wearied aching limbs in balmy ſleep;
Till the pale twilight opes the glimmering glades,
And ſlowly gains upon the mid-wood ſhades.

But ah! unwelcome roſe the peaceful morn
On Albion's ſons, for war and glory born.

Lo! how Britannia's woods and hills reſound
With martial yells, and blaze with arms around!
War is their ſport: at day-ſpring forth they go,

With ſpear and ſhield, and find or make a foe;
Join the wild fight; and with the ſetting ſun
Bear home their plunder; and the war is done.
'Twixt bordering tribes eternal diſcords reign'd;
Not foreign foes theſe native feuds reſtrain'd:
Elſe nurs'd in arms, and prodigal of breath,
And, reft of freedom, nobly wooing death,
Had Albion's warlike ſtates united pour'd
The godlike vengeance of the patriot ſword;
Julius [d] had ſteer'd with daring helm in vain
To iſles emboſom'd in th' Atlantic main;
Nor Rome's imperial eagle, borne on high,
Had ſpread her pinions in our northern ſky.
Furious as mountain-beaſts, the tribes engage,
With yells, and clanging arms [e], and frantic rage.

[d] Vide Tacitus.

[e] Their arms are a ſhield and ſhort ſpear, in the lower end whereof is a piece of braſs, like an apple, that by ſhaking it

Rapid the Briton hurls the bolts of war,
Mounted, like Fate, upon his ſcythed car!
Reſiſtleſs ſcours the plain, and burſts the files,
As mad Tornadoes ſweep the Indian iſles;
The ſcythes and hooks with mangled limbs hung round,
Yet quick, and writhing ghaſtly with the wound:
Adown the madding wheels in torrents pour
Th' empurpled ſmoking ſtreams of human gore:
While high in air the ſighs and ſhrieks and groans
Aſcend, one direful peal of mortal moans.
Pale, panic-ſtruck, and fix'd as in a trance,
The Romans ſtood, and dropp'd the uſeleſs lance:
And fear'd, their venturous banners were unfurl'd
Beyond the confines of the mortal world;
And more than men, horrific in their might,
Dar'd them from Albion's cliffs to fatal fight.

they may terrify the enemy.—Camden's Britannia, taken from Dio Nicæus, out of Xiphilin's Epitome.

Thus fought Britannia's ſons;—but when o'er-
thrown,
More keen and fierce the flame of freedom ſhone.
Ye woods, whoſe cold and lengthen'd tracts of ſhade
Roſe on the day when ſun and ſtars were made;
Waves of Lodore, that from the mountain's brow
Tumble your flood, and ſhake the vale below;
Majeſtic Skiddaw, round whoſe trackleſs ſteep
Mid the bright ſunſhine darkſome tempeſts ſweep:
To you the patriot fled; his native land
He ſpurn'd, when proffer'd by a conqueror's hand;
In you to roam at large; to lay his head
On the bleak rock, unclad, unhous'd, unfed:
Hid in the aguiſh fen [f] whole days to reſt,
The numbing waters gather'd round his breaſt;

[f] Many ancient writers aſſert, that the Britons in their retreat would hide themſelves in the bogs up to their chins in water.—Dio Nicæus, &c.

To ſee Deſpondence cloud each riſing morn,
And dark Deſpair hang o'er the years unborn:
Yet here, ev'n here, he greatly dar'd to lie,
And drain the luſcious dregs of liberty;
Outcaſt of nature, fainting, waſted, wan,
To breathe an air his own, and live a Man.
But [g] when with conqueſt crown'd, he taught his foes,
What free-born man on free-born man beſtows.
He, in the pride and inſolence of war,
Ne'er bound th' indignant captive to his car;
Nor with ignoble toils or ſervile chains
Debas'd the blood that ſwells the hero's veins;
Nor meanly barter'd for unworthy gold
The ſoul that animates the human mould:

[g] For the train of thought through this paragraph, the author is indebted to a ſpeech of Caractacus in Mr. Maſon's Tragedy.

But reverenc'd kindred valour, though o'erthrown;
Disdain'd to hear a warrior meanly moan;
Gave him to die; and by the generous blow
Restor'd that freedom he had lost below.
For simple nature taught his soul to rise
To nobler powers, and realms beyond the skies.
Though to his view th' Almighty voice had ne'er
Stay'd the proud sun amid his bright career;
Pour'd from the flinty rock the crystal stream;
Or shed on sightless eyes the gladsome beam;
Bad the deep waters of the main divide,
And ope an highway through the pathless tide;
Or stiffen'd corses, cold and pale in death,
Blush with new life, and heave again with breath!
Yet gazing round him he beheld the God
Hold in all nature's works his dread abode:
He saw him beaming in the silver moon,
Effulgent burning in the blaze of noon,

On the dark boſom of the ſtorm reclin'd,
Speaking in thunder, riding on the wind,
And, mid the earthquake's awful riot hurl'd,
Shaking the deep foundations of the world.

Hence Superſtition ſprung in elder time,
Wild as the ſoil, and gloomy as the clime.

Midſt rocks and waſtes the Grove tremendous roſe
O'er the rude altars hung in dread repoſe
A twilight pale; like the dim ſickly noon,
When the mid-ſun retires behind the moon.
From ſounding caverns ruſh'd the darkſome flood;
Each antique trunk was ſtain'd with human blood.
'Twas ſung, that birds in terror fled the ſhade[h];
That lightnings harmleſs round the branches play'd
And, in the hour of fate, the Central Oak
Shook with the ſpirit of the God, and ſpoke.
The Roman check'd awhile his conquering band,

[h] Vide Lucan's deſcription of a Druid's Grove, b. iii.

And dropp'd th' imperial Eagle from his hand;
And ſeem'd, while ſhuddering borne through Mona's
wood,
To tread the confines of the Stygian flood.
What direful rites theſe gloomy haunts diſgrace,
Bane of the mind, and ſhame of man's high race!
'Twas deem'd, the circles of the waving wand,
The myſtic figures, and the muttering band,
Held o'er all nature's works as powerful ſway,
As the great Lord and Maker of the day.
Rocks, by infernal ſpells and magic prayer,
Shook from their baſe, and trembled high in air:
The blaſted ſtars their fading light withdrew;
The labouring moon ſhed down a baleful dew;
Spirits of hell aerial dances led;
And rifted graves gave up the pale cold dead.
Imperial Man, creation's lord and pride,
To crown the ſacrificial horrors, died;

That Heſus, direly pleas'd, in joyous mood,
Might fleſh their ſwords, and glut their ſcythes with blood;
And Taranis, amidſt his tempeſts, ſmile,
And roll innocuous thunders o'er their iſle.
By rites thus dread the Druid Prieſts impreſs'd
A ſacred horror on the ſavage breaſt.
Hail, heav'n-born Seers, whoſe magic fingers ſtrung
The Cambrian lyre; who Locrine's triumphs ſung
To the dark haunts of Snowdon's icy caves,
Plinlimmon's cliffs, and Deva's haunted waves;
Or where, as Vaga roll'd her winding flood,
High on the grey rocks wav'd the hanging wood.
Ye, wandering frequent by romantic ſtreams,
With harps, that glitter'd to the moon's pale beams [1],
Sooth'd by your midnight hymns the warrior's ghoſt,

[1] For the image in this line the author is indebted to Mr. Maſon's Caractacus.

Whoſe cold bones whiten'd Arvon's dreary coaſt.
Ye ſung the courſes of the wandering moon;
The ſun-beam darken'd in the blaze of noon;
The ſtars unerring in their glittering ſpheres;
The ſure proceſſion of the circling years;
And the dread Powers, that rule the world on high,
And hold celeſtial ſynods in the ſky.
When hoſtile nations met with barbarous clang,
And the wild heath with yelling ſquadrons rang;
When beams of light from ſerried lances ſtream'd,
And vivid flaſhes o'er the high heav'ns gleam'd;
Fir'd by your magic ſongs, the Briton pour'd
A tenfold fury; dar'd th' uplifted ſword;
Envy'd the ſhades of chiefs in battle ſlain;
And burn'd to join them on th' ethereal plain.
For warrior-ſouls, ye ſung, would deathleſs bloom,
When the cold limbs lay mouldering in the tomb;
From the pale ſtiff'ning corſes wing their flight,

And rife in kindred mould to life and light;
Again in arms fill the dire yell of war;
Again to havoc drive the fcythed car;
Till earth and air and feas fhould fink in flame,
The fiery deluge melting nature's frame:
When, amidft blazing orbs, the warrior-foul,
Borne through the milky way and ftarry pole,
Would painlefs tenant through eternal years
Manfions of pureft blifs in brighter fpheres:
In martial fports engage its kindred fhades,
Tame the wild fteeds, and brandifh gleaming blades:
Or on the clouds reclin'd, with breaft on fire,
Lift the heroic ftrains of Cadwall's lyre;
In Mador's verfe renew its mortal toils;
And fhine through Hoel's fongs in hoftile fpoils.

In Albion's ancient days, midft northern fnows,
Hardy and bold, immortal FREEDOM rofe.
She roam'd the founding margin of the deep,

Conway's wild bank, and Cader's craggy ſteep:
A bloody wolf-ſkin o'er her back was ſpread;
An axe ſhe bore; and wild weeds grac'd her head[k].
On Snowdon's cliffs reclin'd, ſhe watch'd on high
The tempeſt-driven clouds, that croſs'd the ſky;
Or caught with liſtening ear the ſounding gale,
When the dread war-ſong ſhook the diſtant dale.
At battle's cloſe ſhe roam'd th' enſanguin'd plain,
And gaz'd the threatening aſpects of the ſlain.
Now from ignoble ſloth ſhe rarely roſe,
For ſavage Freedom ſinks to mute repoſe;
Now to wild joys, and the bowl's maddening powers,
Gave up the torpid ſenſe and liſtleſs hours;
Now joyful ſaw the naked ſword diſplay'd,
Tho' brother's blood flow'd reeking from the blade.
By tyrants ſunk ſhe roſe more proudly great,
As ocean ſwells indignant in the ſtrait;

[k] Vide Chatterton's Ode to Freedom.

And, borne in chains from Cambria's mountains bleak[1],
Rais'd virtue's generous blush on Cæsar's cheek.
But ah! full many a dark and stormy year
She dropp'd o'er Albion's isle the patriot tear.
Retir'd to mountains, from the craggy dell
She caught the Norman curfeu's tyrant knell:
Sad to her view the baron's castle frown'd
Bold from the steep, and aw'd the plains around:
She sorrowing heard the papal thunders roll,
And mourn'd th' ignoble bondage of the soul:
She blush'd, O Cromwell, blush'd at Charles's doom;
And wept, misguided Sidney, o'er thy tomb.
But now reviv'd, she boasts a purer cause,
Refin'd by science, form'd by generous laws;
High hangs her helmet in the banner'd hall,
Nor sounds her clarion, but at honour's call:

[1] Vide Tacitus's account of Caractacus at the throne of Claudius.

Now walks the land with olive chaplets crown'd,
Exalting worth, and beaming ſafety round:
With ſecret joy and conſcious pride admires
The patriot ſpirit, which herſelf inſpires;
Sees barren waſtes with unknown fruitage bloom;
Sees Labour bending patient o'er the loom;
Sees Science rove through academic bowers;
And peopled cities lift their ſpiry towers:
Trade ſwells her ſails, wherever ocean rolls,
Glows at the line, and freezes at the poles:
While thro' unwater'd plains and wondering meads
Waves not its own th' obedient river leads.

But chief the godlike Mind, which bears impreſs'd
Its Maker's glorious image full confeſs'd;
Nobleſt of works created; more divine
Than all the ſtarry worlds that nightly ſhine;
Form'd to live on, unconſcious of decay,
When the wide univerſe ſhall melt away:

The Mind, which, hid in ſavage breaſts of yore,
Lay, like Golconda's gems, an uſeleſs ore,
Now greatly dares ſublimeſt aims to ſcan;
Enriches ſcience, and ennobles man;
Unveils the ſemblance, which its God beſtow'd,
And draws more near the fount, from whence it flow'd.

GEORGE RICHARDS, B. A.
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PALESTINE,

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCIII.

SYNOPSIS.

ENTATION over the miſeries of Paleſtine—The guar-
ıgels of the land invoked—Subject propoſed—Preſent ap-
ce of the country, with its preſent inhabitants geogra-
y deſcribed, beginning from the north—The Druſes,
ıeir ſituation and importance, firſt noticed—Contraſt be-
the inhabitants of mountain and plain—Saracens and
ns (Nebaioth and Kedar)—Modern Jews—their degraded
f baniſhment—Appeal to the Almighty in their behalf,
d upon his miraculous interpoſitions of old—Their for-
eatneſs—David—Solomon—His ſplendour—Popular ſu-
ons reſpecting him—Improved ſtate of the arts among
ws—Their Temple—Firmneſs of the Jews under misfor-
-derived principally from their hopes of the Meſſiah—
lvent—miracles—crucifixion—Conſequent puniſhment
Jews, in the deſtruction of Jeruſalem by the Romans,
tal deſolation of the country—Scenes of Chriſt's ſuffer-
owever, continued to be venerated—Pilgrimages—Holy
hre—Empreſs Helena—Cruſades—Nations which em-
in them deſcribed—Engliſh heroiſm—Edward the Firſt
ıard Cœur de Lion—Paleſtine ſtill the ſcene of Britiſh
—Acre—Concluſion.

PALESTINE.

FT of thy ſons, amid thy foes forlorn,
urn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
his thy place, ſad City, this thy throne,
ere the wild deſert rears its craggy ſtone?
ile ſuns unbleſt their angry luſtre fling,
l way-worn pilgrims ſeek the ſcanty ſpring?—
ere now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
ere now thy might, which all thoſe kings ſubdu'd?
martial myriads muſter in thy gate;
ſuppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
ke the full lyre, and ſwell the tide of ſong:

But lawleſs Might, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of reſtleſs Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing[a] beneath the ivy ſhade.

Ye guardian ſaints! ye warrior ſons of heaven[b],
To whoſe high care Judæa's ſtate was given!
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
A hoſt of gods, on Sion's towery ſteep[c]!
If e'er your ſecret footſteps linger ſtill
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,
If e'er your ſong on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you lov'd ſo well;

[a] Alluding to the uſual manner in which ſleep is repreſented in ancient ſtatues. See alſo Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17. "ἀπάνευθε σῶν ὑγρὸν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ."

[b] Authorities for theſe celeſtial warriors may be found, Joſh. v. 13. 2 Kings vi. 2. 2 Macc. v. 3. Ibid. xi. Joſeph. Ed. Hudſ. vi. p. 1282. et alibi paſſim.

[c] It is ſcarcely neceſſary to mention the lofty ſite of Jeruſalem. "The hill of God is a high hill, even a high hill as the "hill of Baſhan."

(For, oft, 'tis ſaid, in Kedron's palmy vale
Myſterious harpings[d] ſwell the midnight gale,
And, bleſt as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in ſoft cadence on the pilgrim's ear;)
Forgive, bleſt ſpirits, if a theme ſo high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minſtrelſy!
Yet, might your aid this anxious breaſt inſpire
With one faint ſpark of Milton's ſeraph fire,
Then ſhould my Muſe[e] aſcend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-wing exulting in the light.

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and ſaints above!
Tho', Salem, now, the ſpoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wafted land;
Tho' weak, and whelm'd beneath the ſtorms of fate,

[d] See Sandys, and other travellers into Aſia.

[e] Common practice, and the authority of Milton, ſeem ſufficient to juſtify uſing this term as a perſonification of poetry.

Thy houſe is left unto thee deſolate;
Tho' thy proud ſtones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And ſeas of ſand o'ertop thy mouldering wall;
Yet ſhall the Muſe to Fancy's ardent view
Each ſhadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the ſeer [f] on Piſgah's topmoſt brow
With gliſtening eye beheld the plain below,
With preſcient ardour drank the ſcented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye ſhall ſcan the proſpect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's [g] tide;
The flinty waſte, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of ſmooth Ardeni's [g] rill;
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays [h];

[f] Moſes.

[g] Almotana is the oriental name for the Dead Sea, as Ardeni is for Jordan.

[h] The mountains of Paleſtine are full of caverns, which are

Or, where the tempeſt rives the hoary ſtone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.
Fierce, hardy, proud, in conſcious freedom bold,
Thoſe ſtormy ſeats the warrior Druſes[i] hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In ſullen homage to the Thracian ſteel,
Teach their pale deſpot's waning moon[k] to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain ſpear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your ſabres ſhine,

generally occupied in one or other of the methods here mentioned. Vide Sandys, Maundrell, and Calmet, paſſim.

[i] The untameable ſpirit, feodal cuſtoms, and affection for Europeans, which diſtinguiſh this extraordinary race, who boaſt themſelves to be a remnant of the Cruſaders, are well deſcribed in Pagés. The account of their celebrated Emir, Facciardini, in Sandys, is alſo very intereſting.

[k] "The Turkiſh ſultans, whoſe moon ſeems faſt approaching to its wane." Sir W. Jones's 1ſt Diſcourſe to the Aſiatic Society.

The native guard of feeble Paleſtine,
O ever thus, by no vain boaſt diſmay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar ſhade!
What tho' no more for you the conſcious gale
Swells the white boſom of the Tyrian ſail;
Tho' now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Luſitanian gold[1];
Tho' not for you the pale and ſickly ſlave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet your's the lot, in proud contentment bleſt,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil reſt.
No robber rage the ripening harveſt knows;
And unreſtrain'd the generous vintage flows[m]:

[1] The gold of the Tyrians chiefly came from Portugal, which was probably their Tarſhiſh.

[m] In the ſouthern parts of Paleſtine the inhabitants reap their corn green, as they are not ſure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppreſſion to which the cultivators of vineyards are ſubject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known.

Nor leſs your ſons to manlieſt deeds aſpire,
And Aſia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when, deep ſinking in the roſy main,
The weſtern Sun forſakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted luſtre ſhed,
And pour their lateſt light on Carmel's head.
Yet ſhines your praiſe, amid ſurrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb:
For, few the ſouls that ſpurn a tyrant's chain,
And ſmall the bounds of freedom's ſcanty reign.
As the poor outcaſt on the cheerleſs wild,
Arabia's parent[n], claſp'd her fainting child,
And wander'd near the roof no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam:
My ſorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
And ſouthward throws her half-averted ſight.
For ſad the ſcenes Judæa's plains diſcloſe,

[n] Hagar.

A dreary waſte of undiſtinguiſh'd woes:
See War untir'd his crimſon pinions ſpread,
And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead!
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains[o] ſhine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, riſe, and Kedar, thine[p]!
'Tis your's the boaſt to mark the ſtranger's way,
And ſpur your headlong chargers on the prey,
Or rouſe your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waſte of war;
Nor ſpare the hoary head, nor bid your eye[q]
Revere the ſacred ſmile of infancy.
Such now the clans, whoſe fiery courſers feed
Where waves on Kiſhon's bank the whiſpering reed;
And their's the ſoil, where, curling to the ſkies,

[o] The watering places are generally beſet with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pagés.

[p] See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. Ed. Valeſ.

[q] "Thine eye ſhall not ſpare them."

Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's ſacrifice[r].
While Iſrael's ſons, by ſcorpion curſes driven,
Outcaſts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
Through the wide world in hopeleſs exile ſtray,
Remorſe and ſhame ſole comrades of their way,
In dumb deſpair their country's wrongs behold,
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd!
If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
And refluent Jordan ſought his trembling ſource[s];
If at Thy Name like ſheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;—
To Iſrael's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raiſe from earth Thy long-neglected vine!

[r] A miſerable remnant of Samaritan worſhip ſtill exiſts on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his converſation with the high prieſt.

[s] Pſalm cxiv.

Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd?
O feeble boast of transitory power!
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour!
Not such their hope, when through the parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior train:
Not such their hope, when thro' the fields of night
The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light:
Not, when fierce Conquest urg'd the onward war,
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car:
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,

In rude array, the harnefs'd Amorite[t]:
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents ftay'd,
The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd;
The Moon, obedient, trembled at the found,
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round!
Let Sinai tell—for fhe beheld his might,
And God's own darknefs veil'd her confcious height:
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd:)
Let Sinai tell—but who fhall dare recite
His praife, his power, eternal, infinite?—
Awe-ftruck I ceafe; nor bid my ftrains afpire,
Or ferve his altar with unhallow'd fire[u].
Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Ifrael's fate,
And fuch the glories of their infant ftate.
—Triumphant race! and did your power decay?

[t] Jofh. x.
[u] Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

Fail'd the bright promiſe of your early day?
No;—by that ſword, which, red with heathen gore,
A giant ſpoil, the ſtripling champion bore;
By him, the chief to fartheſt India known,
The mighty maſter[x] of the ivory throne;
In heaven's own ſtrength, high towering o'er her foes,
Victorious Salem's lion banner roſe:
Before her footſtool proſtrate nations lay,
And vaſſal tyrants crouch'd beneath her ſway.
—And he, the warrior ſage, whoſe reſtleſs mind
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd[y];
Who every bird, and beaſt, and inſect knew,

[x] Solomon. Ophir is by moſt geographers placed in the Aurea Cherſoneſus. See Tavernier and Raleigh.

[y] The Arabian mythology reſpecting Solomon is in itſelf ſo faſcinating, is ſo illuſtrative of the preſent ſtate of the country, and on the whole ſo agreeable to Scripture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though its wildneſs might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

And ſpake of every plant that quaffs the dew;
To him were known—ſo Hagar's offspring tell—
The powerful ſigill and the ſtarry ſpell;
The midnight call, hell's ſhadowy legions dread,
And ſounds that burſt the ſlumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might; for, who could theſe oppoſe?
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec roſe[z].
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Eſtakhar's enchanted wall.
In frantic converſe with the mournful wind,
There oft the houſeleſs Santon[a] reſts reclin'd;

[z] Palmyra was really built by Solomon, and univerſal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Eſtakhar, an immenſe pile of ruinous building, near the Euphrates, is alſo attributed to him by the Arabs. See the Romance of Vathek.

[a] It is well known that the Santons are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary ſanctity, who wander about the country, ſleeping in caves or old ruins.

Strange ſhapes he views, and drinks with wondering
ears
The voices of the dead, and ſongs of other years.
Such, the faint echo of departed praiſe,
Still ſound Arabia's legendary lays;
And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
How lovely were thy tents, O Iſrael!
For thee his ivory load Behemoth [b] bore,
And far Sofala [c] teem'd with golden ore;
Thine all the Arts that wait on wealth's increaſe,
Or baſk and wanton in the beam of peace.
When Tyber ſlept beneath the cypreſs gloom,
And ſilence held the lonely woods of Rome;
Or ere to Greece the builder's ſkill was known,
Or the light chiſel bruſh'd the Parian ſtone;

[b] Behemoth is ſometimes ſuppoſed to mean the elephant, in which ſenſe it is here uſed.

[c] An African port to the ſouth of Bab-el-mandeb, celebrated for gold-mines.

Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.
No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung[d];
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
Ey'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God[e].
Nor shrank she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.

[d] "There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of "iron, heard in the house while it was in building." 1 Kings vi. 7.

[e] "And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire "came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they "bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the "pavement, and worshipped." 2 Chron. vii. 3.

E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery ſand,
Till'd with reluctant ſtrength the ſtranger's land;
Who ſadly told the ſlow-revolving years,
And ſteep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;—
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their deſtin'd triumphs, and their glad return:
And their ſad lyres, which, ſilent and unſtrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame,
And from the ſkies their lingering Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear controul;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this ſteel'd the martyr's ſoul!
Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming through the ſky,
Burſt in full blaze the Day-ſpring from on high;
Earth's utmoſt iſles exulted at the ſight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.

Lo, ſtar-led chiefs Aſſyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi ſeek their infant king!
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celeſtial glory ſhed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal ſplendour dreſt,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian veſt;
Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
Of hoſts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Meſſiah comes:—let furious diſcord ceaſe;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace!
Diſeaſe and anguiſh feel his bleſt controul,
And howling fiends releaſe the tortur'd ſoul;
The beams of gladneſs hell's dark caves illume,
And Mercy broods above the diſtant gloom.

Thou palſied earth, with noonday night o'erſpread!
Thou ſickening ſun, ſo dark, ſo deep, ſo red!

Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those his limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Rais'd from the cross in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide the dreadful sacrifice!
Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep!
—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursu'd;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for gore,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah rag'd, belov'd of heaven no more,
With steamy carnage drunk and social gore:

He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
Love, strong as Death, retain'd his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore [f].
Yet they, who wont to roam th' ensanguin'd plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning Temple rose in lucid light,
To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.
As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd;
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade:

[f] Joseph. vi. p. 1275. Ed. Hudf.

Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's laſt anger warm'd the dying man.
  But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom!
To glut with ſighs the iron ear of Rome:
To ſwell, ſlow pacing by the car's tall ſide,
The ſtoic tyrant's philoſophic pride[g];
To fleſh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
The ſportive fury of the fencer's ſteel;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the ſultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Paleſtine.
  Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coaſt,
She mourn'd her ſons enſlav'd, her glories loſt:
In her wide ſtreets the lonely raven bred,

[g] I know not how Titus has acquired his fame for humanity; but the cruelties of the brutal Domitian, or the frantic Caligula, are ſurely more excuſable than the barbarities which this man, with the ſmile of benignity on his countenance, and the cant of philoſophy on his tongue, exerciſed againſt a valiant people who dared to vindicate their liberty.

There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet midſt her towery fanes in ruin laid,
The pilgrim ſaint his murmuring veſpers paid;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the ſacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiſs Meſſiah's tomb:
While forms celeſtial fill'd his tranced eye,
The day-light dreams of penſive piety,
O'er his ſtill breaſt a tearful fervour ſtole,
And ſofter ſorrows charm'd the mourner's ſoul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artleſs zeal?
Too proud to worſhip, and too wiſe to feel?
Be his the ſoul with wintry Reaſon bleſt,
The dull, lethargic ſovereign of the breaſt!
Be his the life that creeps in dead repoſe,
No joy that ſparkles, and no tear that flows!

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine[h],
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine[i].
Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen[k];
There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's[l] sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian[l] bow;
From the moist regions of the western star

[h] The Temple of the Sepulchre.

[i] See Cotovicus, p. 179. and from him Sandys.

[k] St. Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester. See also Howel's Hist. of the World.

[l] The invasions of the civilized parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

The wandering hermit [m] wak'd the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came:
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;
While beardless youths and tender maids [n] assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.

[m] Peter the hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the Crusades considered as the height of frenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must however recollect, that, had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falsely or weakly asserted, a conspiracy of robbers; it was not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a most powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian kingdoms of Asia been established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain, must again have fallen into their power; and France herself have needed all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

[n] See Vertot, Hist. Chev. Malthe. Introduction.

In bafhful pride the warrior virgins wield
The ponderous falchion, and the fun-like fhield,
And ftart to fee their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue luftre in Tabaria's [o] ftream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran:
Impatient Death beheld his deftin'd food,
And hovering vultures fnuff'd the fcent of blood.

Not fuch the numbers nor the hoft fo dread
By northern Brenn [p], or Scythian Timur [p] led,
Nor fuch the heart-infpiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy fhore!
There Gaul's proud knights with boaftful mien advance [q],

[o] Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name ufed fc the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

[p] Brennus, and Tamerlane.

[q] The infolence of the French nobles twice caufed the ruil of the army; once by refufing to ferve under Richard Cœu

Form the long line[r], and ſhake the cornel lance;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in cloſe battalions ſtand
Auſonia's ſons, a ſoft inglorious band;
There the ſtern Norman joins the Auſtrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain;
Here in black files, advancing firm and ſlow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow:—
Albion,—ſtill prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cauſe the freeman's generous
blade!
Ye ſainted ſpirits of the warrior dead,
Whoſe giant force Britannia's[s] armies led!

de Lion, and again by reproaching the Engliſh with cowardice in St. Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Knolles's Hiſtory of the Turks.

[r] The line (*combat à la haye*) according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteriſtic of French tactics; as the column (*herſe*) was of the Engliſh. The Engliſh at Créçi were drawn up thirty deep.

[s] All the Britiſh nations ſerved under the ſame banner.

Sono gl' Inglesi ſagittarii ed hanno

Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;
Lords of the biting axe[t] and beamy spear,
Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear!
At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To Salem still their generous aid supply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,

Gente con lor, ch' è più vicina al polo,
Questi da l'alte selve irsuti manda
La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda.
Tasso, Gierusal. Lib. I. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is scarcely necessary to observe, w
synonimous.

[t] The axe of Richard was very famous. See Warton's H
of Anc. Poetry.

Th' Apoſtate chief,—from Miſraim's ſubject ſhore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;
When the pale deſert mark'd his proud array,
And Deſolation hop'd an ampler ſway;
What hero then triumphant Gaul diſmay'd?
What arm repell'd the victor Renegade?
Britannia's champion!—bath'd in hoſtile blood,
High on the breach the dauntleſs SEAMAN ſtood:
Admiring Aſia ſaw th' unequal fight,—
E'en the pale creſcent bleſs'd the Chriſtian's might.
Oh day of death! Oh thirſt, beyond controul,
Of crimſon conqueſt in th' Invader's ſoul!
The ſlain, yet warm, by ſocial footſteps trod,
O'er the red moat ſupplied a panting road;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier ſtill the griſly rampire grew.
While proudly glow'd above the reſcu'd tower
The wavy croſs that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet ſtill deſtruction ſweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous ſword in vain.
Still o'er her ſky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her ſoul.
Yet ſhall ſhe riſe;—but not by war reſtor'd,
Not built in murder,—planted by the ſword.
Yes, Salem, thou ſhalt riſe: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chaſtening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppreſſor's ruthleſs ſway,
And burſt his brazen bonds, and caſt his cords away.
Then on your tops ſhall deathleſs verdure ſpring [u],
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye vallies, ſing!
No more your thirſty rocks ſhall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jeſt, the heathen's ſcorn;

[u] "I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increaſe of "the field, that ye ſhall receive no more the reproach of fa-"mine among the heathen."—"And they ſhall ſay, This land "that was deſolate is become like the garden of Eden," &c. Ezek. xxxvi.

The ſultry ſands ſhall tenfold harveſts yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand;
Courts the bright viſion of deſcending power[x],
Tells every gate, and meaſures every tower[y];
And chides the tardy ſeals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his deſtin'd reign.
And who is He? the vaſt, the awful form[z],
Girt with the whirlwind, ſandal'd with the ſtorm?
A weſtern cloud around his limbs is ſpread,
His crown a rainbow, and a ſun his head.
To higheſt heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;

[x] "That great city, the holy Jeruſalem, deſcending out of "heaven from God, having the glory of God." Rev. xxi. 10.
[y] Ezekiel xl.
[z] Rev. x.

And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time ſhall be no more!
Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones are ſet, and every ſaint is there [a];
Earth's utmoſt bounds confeſs their awful ſway,
The mountains worſhip, and the iſles obey;
Nor ſun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light [b];
And ſhall not Iſrael's ſons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home!
On David's throne ſhall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again [c].

[a] Rev. xx.

[b] "And I ſaw no temple therein: for the Lord God A
"mighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the c
"had no need of the ſun, neither of the moon, to ſhine in
"for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the lig
"thereof." Rev. xxi. 22.

[c] "Thus ſaith the Lord God unto theſe bones, Behold,
"will cauſe breath to enter into you, and ye ſhall live."
—"Then he ſaid unto me, Son of man, theſe bones are t
"whole houſe of Iſrael." Ezek. xxxvii.

Hark! white-rob'd crowds their deep hoſannas raiſe,
And the hoarſe flood repeats the ſound of praiſe;
Ten thouſand harps attune the myſtic ſong,
Ten thouſand thouſand ſaints the ſtrain prolong;—
"Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to ſave,
"Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

REGINALD HEBER,
BRAZEN-NOSE COLLEGE.

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A

RECOMMENDATION OF THE STUDY

OF THE REMAINS OF

ANCIENT GRECIAN AND ROMAN

ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE,

AND

PAINTING;

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCVI.

A

RECOMMENDATION OF THE STUDY

OF THE REMAINS OF

ANCIENT GRECIAN AND ROMAN

ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE,

AND

PAINTING.

[This Compofition was originally reftricted to fifty lines;—a few relative to Painting have fince been added.]

THOUGH oft in Britain's ifle the breathing buft
To fame confign the patriot-hero's duft,
And conquerors wak'd to mimic life again
In imag'd triumph thunder o'er the main;
Though fpeaks each mould by Flaxman's genius wrought,
The glow of fancy, or the ftretch of thought;

With trembling awe ſurvey each hallow'd fane
Ennobling Greece mid Deſolation's reign;
Each pillar'd portico and ſwelling dome,
Proud o'er the proſtrate majeſty of Rome!
While o'er the ſcene each mould'ring temple throws,
Sacred to genius, undiſturb'd repoſe;
Thro' twilight's doubtful gloom his eye ſhall trace
The column's height enwreath'd with cluſt'ring grace;
The light-arch'd roof, the portal ſtretching-wide,
Triumphal monuments in armed pride;
Till bold conceptions burſting on his heart,
His ſkill ſhall graſp the inmoſt ſoul of art;
And Fame's green iſle her cloud-capt towers diſplay,
Where grace and grandeur rule with equal ſway.

JOHN WILSON,
MAGDALEN COLLEGE.